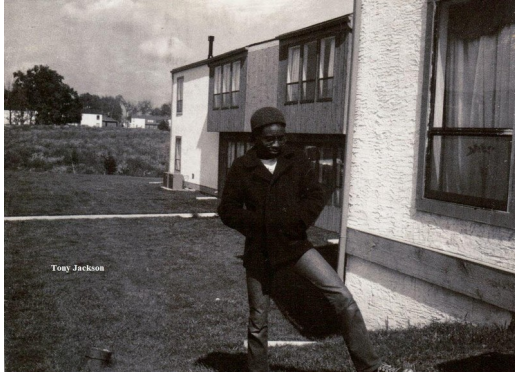


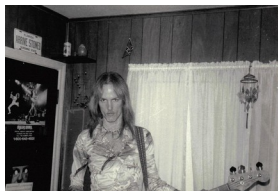


Rock Till You Drop Or Die Trying.

Chapter -6-

A few days later TJ and Stik call and ask if I would do an open stage at the Agora. The Agora - On High Street and immediately across the street from Ohio State University, was a converted movie theater with a balcony. It hosted many local and regional acts in the 70's, as well as impressive national acts such as **U2, Bad Finger, Heart, King Crimson,** and **AC/DC.** It is still in operation, now called the Newport Music Hall. This was part of the Agora chain out of Cleveland. Before Tim Kerrwood died we had put a few songs together. This made it really easy for Tony Jackson to add his powerful drums. I was back in the saddle again. Yeah! We called ourselves "**Gar**". At that point I still wasn't writing. But we did a gig at the Agora opening for the **The Lowbrows.** **Jim Jory** let me use his 100 watt Marshall for the show. They were the headliners. Up to that point I was using a fender bandmaster amp; white SG gibson guitar, echoplex and wah-wah pedal. I would plug a LPB-1 boost into the amp head to give me feedback. If you do that with a Marshall you go sonic.

Around this time TJ introduced me to *Mike Irskins* who played bass. His pal was *Danny Lawyer* who was a lead singer. They both were seniors at West High School and were playing in bands. I had heard that *Gala Wisenheimer* was divorced and that she was dating Mike Irskins at the time. Irskins and Lawyer had rented a duplex house on East Blake. The front room was where their band rehearsed. I was still working at Copy Cat printing so they ask me and TJ to move in and share the rent. The other guy who lived there had been wounded in vietnam and had an unlimited supply Quaaludes. He had a wheelchair but could walk if he wanted to. His face had been burned. There where a lot of girls always hanging around him. He was lonely and I think a few of the girls used him for drugs. It seemed that Irskins and Lawyer slept with a different girl every night. TJ and I lived there for about a month in a huge room in the attic. TJ had hooked up with the upper class light skinned black girl named "*Beanie*". Her mother was a doctor and her dad a lawyer I think. They lived on the far west side in the country. She was nothing like the black girls at Central High. She was high class but low maintenance. It change my P.O.V. about black women all together. She was a frat. Then one day while I was at work the cops raided the place so I had to move back home again. The weekday partying had gotten out of control and a fight broke out between the boys. The cops came and people got busted. Shit happens.



That February of 1971 Stik had began dating some girl from North High School named *Brenda Boganwright.* Her best friend Beverly was dating Danny Lawyer and I got word Brenda wanted to be with me. So Stik and I had a sit down and decided we would share her. And boy did we! We shared the hell out of her. That worked out great for a few months until Stik met some chick named Amy. Amy ended up putting old Hoffman through some serious shit heartwise. So Brenda and I went full time. Brenda was very aggressive when it came to dating. She knew exactly

what she wanted. She was a one man type. Trouble was she was in love with both me and Stik at the same time. When Stik dumped her she was heart broken. So I then became the focus of all her love. Me and Stik use to crack up comparing notes about her love making. She roadied for **Gar** for a few months until we broke up. One time Brenda and I were in her bedroom on the 4th floor of her six bedroom house making love. Then suddenly, her dad comes home from lunch. "*Oh Fucking Shit. Red Alert Squidly!*" So I grabbed all my stuff and rush outside on the balcony in the freezing snow. Her dad was in a very chatty mood that day. He talked to her for about 15 minutes before he left her bedroom. When she open the sliding glass balcony doors my Johnson had turned purple from the cold. There was frost on my nuggets! We jumped back into bed naked and she turned the electric blanket up full blast to warmed me. Next thing I know I was riding a raging bull in a rodeo. She felt sorry for me. It worked for me! Yippy-I-A!

Shortly after March of 1971 Vickie convinced me to try one more time. So we rented a 3 floor apartment right behind Dicks Den on High Street and moved in. Brenda had begged me not to go back to her. She put up a fuss. But I wanted to try one more time. She was broken hearted over it. The apartment was on the COTA bus line and made it easy to work downtown. The baby may have been about 11 months old by this time. During the week Vickie's people took care of the baby. On the weekends I would play gigs on campus. I was no help with the baby. I didn't know how to change shitty diapers or feed an infant. I didn't have a Diploma. Moreover, I was struggling with the notion of family. I had no clue about being in a family or how it worked. By late march *Mike Irskins* began to hit on Vickie's behind my back. He had been sniffing around my back door for awhile. She told me he wanted to have her. That's when I knew it was time to hit the road. "*Hit the road jack! And don't you come around no more, no more, No more!*" I moved out he moved in. Kinda sounds like a country and western song don't it? The biggest johnson won. The little johnson scrambled I guess.

So with my tail between my legs I moved back to moms. I had told Brenda that I was going to try once more for the baby's sake. She said it won't work. She was right. In the end I went back to Brenda who was overjoyed about the return. But in my heart I was just licking my wounds just passing through. Brenda was a upper class sweetheart. She wanted to build a nest. I had just tried that shit with Vicky and it wasn't in my DNA to settled down. She wanted me to get my own place so I moved into a house that later became known as the "**Dyke House**". This was before Chuck Kubat started **Magnolia Thunderpussy Records** near 11th Ave and High Street. Chuck eventually bought the Dyke House as a property rental and I lived their again in 1982 after my 2rd divorce from Kathy. But in June of 1971 at Brenda's urging I moved into a three room apartment at the future Dyke House. I had switched jobs and now was working as a printer at Meredith-King printing downtown. Things were going good until Joe Shortlidge stopped by and talked me into going bar hopping. We went to see **The Bob Seger System** at The Sugar Shack. By this time Joe had mastered the use of Quaaludes as a "sex scheme". He liked to target lose women in the night club circuit. I liked Joe because he had a lot of girls chasing him. I even got lucky with a few of his rejects. He was a good looking gentleman and had Quaaludes. I would be watching **Bob Seger** and Joe would come up and ask if he could use my place for a few hours. Sometimes he would have two girls in the "mood" and ask If I would come along too. At that point Joe was my best friend. Wonder Why? My pussy partner for lack of a better description! He was full of bullshit and the girls just ate it up. One night that September of 1971 Joe and I when

to a club called "Positively 4th Street" to see **Jamie Lyons** play. It was there that I met *Andrea Wetzel*.

Andrea was french and her dad ran numbers as a bookie for the columbus mob. Her mom had died when she was a child. Her dad "Poor George" sent her to finest private schools money could buy. She was rich but lonely. We hit it off. Poor George had quite a few houses in Berwick, Buckeye Lake and around the Eastside. I never met Poor George but she did take me to meet her "Mob in laws" out at buckeye lake. I even ran envelopes of cash (*pickups and drop offs*) for them a few times. It was an easy gig. The mob wanted to hire me as a runner but I had a printing gig and was paying my own way. I didn't want to come between her and her family. But I will admit the mob paid me very well for my services. For some reason they kept all the dark shit of their business away from her. She didn't have a clue about the details. They also had a bunch of east side bars they worked out of and sometimes Andrea worked as a barmaid when someone called off sick.

Around late August of 1971 I met this drummer named Dan. He was a silk screen printer who rehearsed in the basement of Trade Winds. At the time some chick named Abby ran Trade Winds across the street from the OSU Law School. Dan and this guy name Carl were trying to form a folk-rock band and asked me to join as lead guitarist. Carl worked upstairs in the store selling beads and black light posters. Dan the drummer had a silk screen print shop on the south east corner of 5th Ave and North 4th street. He made silk wall posters of rock stars and sold them to vendors. Most of them were 7 foot by 7 foot and eventually he was taken to court for copyright infringement. This led to his bankruptcy in 1973. But in 1971 he had a thriving business. Some woman named Abby had hired Carl as a sales clerk and he got permission from her for us to rehearse after store hours. We needed a bass player so I enlisted Stik Hoffman. Carl resented me because he was not a very good guitarist. He wasn't on the same level as the rest of us. He wrote songs but as I recall wasn't a very good singer. I can't be sure but I think Abby, who was his boss, was one of the people who started the Comfest. For about two months we rehearsed in the basement of Trade Winds. Then we did a show at the World Theater near Lane Ave and High Street. We open for the band called **Balderdash**. They were a popular band from the early 70s. They had opened for **Allman Brothers, Alice Cooper, Captain Beefheart, 10 Years After**. They also opened for **Youngbloods, Steppenwolf** (twice), at Cinci Gardens & Freedom Hall in Louisville, and for the **Mothers of Invention** in '72. So, Stik, me and the drummer then moved into the basement of Dan's silk screen shop. Stik knew this singer songwriter from Whitehall-Yearling High School name **Robert E. Sturgill** and ask him to join our band.

The basement of silk screen shop; at the South East corner 5th Ave and North 4th street, always had about an inch of water in it. So we used wooden pallets and plywood to build a stage for the band. It was a very dangerous situation. We should have been electrocuted. But none of us noticed much. We worked 5 days a week for about four weeks. Then the drummer had booked 3 shows at the Murphy's Party Barn in Powell, Ohio. Sturgell was a songwriter/guitarist with a voice just like Robert Plant. So naturally we did a lot of Led Zep covers. He also had a lot of women who he was sleeping with at the time. Girls seemed to follow him around. We did 3 shows in Powell in October of 1971. Each time about 400 kids showed up and the Dan sold beer for 25 cents a cup. Everyone got drunk. Most of the kids were underage. Then the basement of silk screen shop flooded and that forced the band to break up.

In the meantime Andrea and I had been living together for about 2 weeks when Brenda Boganwright stopped by my Dyke House Apartment. She wanted to get back together but I told her I was now with Andrea. Brenda was heartbroken. I didn't like hurting her but I had made my choice. When I told Andrea she asked me to give up my Dyke House Apartment and move out to the airport apartment that she had just rented. This apartment was below ground and we could make all the noise we wanted. The way Andrea rolled was she would sign a 6 month lease. If she didn't like the apartment she would simply pay off the lease balance and move on. By late December of 1971 I was still working at Meredith-King printing downtown and had moved in with Andrea full time. Her dad had just bought her a new Ford Mustang. It was a race car and we used it 24/7.

Me and Vickie had an agreement. Every friday Vicky would stop by and pick up the cash for Tracy's child support. Mike Irskins and her were still living together at our old apartment right behind Dicks Den. Things seemed to be working out for them. She had moved on with her life. I would stop by her Mom's place to see the kid every few months.

Then one day in early January of 1972 I met this Jamaican bass player name George Sias at the String Shop on campus. He owned a house on the East Side and had a rehearsal space. So, we formed a band and I got Dan the drummer from the Murphy's Party Barn gig to play drums for us. We ended up playing 2 shows at the Agora which went over well. Our set consisted of mostly **Mountain** Covers off the **Nantucket Sleighride** Lp. Then Andrea and I moved to King Ave and Belmont Ave near OSU. Sias had helped us move in there.

At the time George was living with this w.a.s.p. women. To me it looked like he beat her. The more I got to know Sias the more the red flags kept popping up. I slowly began to realize that I had rushed into the situation with him too quickly. That is when Sias told me he wanted to "fuck" me. *"Shiver Me Timbers Captain! WTF"?* What planet am I on? Not only that but Sias also wanted to swap girlfriends in a 4 way. Who was this fucker I had gotten involved with? Later I found out that he kept trying to hit on Andrea behind my back. A couple of times he even tried to touch her. But when he heard that she was a "mafia kid" he backed off. She was not into him at all. I'm not sure if her mafia family liked blacks or not. When George Sias told me his white girlfriend wanted to fuck my brains out I kinda freaked. She was supposed to be in love with him? Yet she wants to fuck me? Sounds like another country and western song. The whole infidelity trip was not in my blood. Andy owned my heart. I really did love her. It was then that me and Andrea decided we didn't want to hang with them anymore. So after the gigs were all over we just went our own way. That ended the band and we went in different directions. I drifted in and out of auditions but just couldn't seem to find the right fit.

In the middle of 1972 there were LPs that influence me: **The London Howlin Wolf Sessions; Rough and Ready** by **Jeff Beck**. The **Killer** LP by **Alice Cooper**. The LP **Who's Next** by the **Who**. **Fire and Water** by **Free** to name a few. Unfortunately, I was still struggling to get noticed as a lead guitar. As I had done before I sat down with **Mountain's Nantucket Sleighride** and tried to work out **Leslie West's** riffs. Both him and **Hendrix** had this wailing bite to their styles and I was desperate to achieve their vibrato. But the record I spent most of that summer trying to learn was **Live Cream Volume II** released in March 1972. I spent hours upon hours studying that record. Then for some reason the

apartment complex that we were living at had an issue with me not being on Andy's lease. So, we said fuck it and moved into her dad's house out in Berwick Ohio. The place was huge and I could have a band in the garage. It was about this time I began taking guitars lessons off *Dave Workman*. He was working out of the Union department store downtown. The main thing I learned from him was to practice harder. Soon TJ and Stik came over and we would jam on Saturday afternoons. Our band **GAR** did maybe two shows as 3 piece over the spring. But it was more of a jam band configuration than a serious song development project.

Then Andrea had introduced me to this record by **David Bowie** call "**Space Oddity**". Bowie was a wake up call. For me the glitter glam movement had started with **Slider LP by Marc Bolan**. But Bowie's music was much more complexed. His sexual ambiguity was visually striking and his fresh approach introduced the notion of "art rock" to me. I was hooked. But I was still in search of a band. Then one day Dewey Campbell popped by and asked if I would want to join a band he and some east side drummer name Bill Sinclair were putting together. At the time I was using two one-hundred Watt Stadel Amps with a white SG single pick up and LPB-1 boost unit. We rehearsed only once. Then for about two weeks I heard nothing from Dewey. Finally, I confronted Dewey and was told I was fired. Their new guitarist didn't have a rig so they were using mine for rehearsals. So when I showed up at the door I heard them playing. I knocked loudly and when the door opened I told Dewey I came to pick up my amps. They sort of blew off the whole situation as a joke which wasn't very honest. This really hurt because they thought I wasn't good enough to play in their band. But my replacement wasn't as good as I was. They were trying to be a "**Boz Scaggs**" Cover band. Fuck that! But a month or two later their band fell apart. After that I spent most of my time trying to become a better guitarist. As things unfolded me, Joe Shortledge (JB) and Andy went to the Sugar Shack to see another band that Bill Sinclair the drummer had just formed. They were opening for **Bob Seger**. Sinclair's new band had some really hot musicians and they became the house band for about six months until the cocaine took them down I think.

During the summer of 1972 "**JB**" had come into an unlimited amount of Orange AS's (Quaaludes). He was selling them at the "Sugar Shack" and "Positively 4th Street" nightclubs on Friday nights. I think by this time Joe Shortledge had hooked up with Sonya, one of Andrea Wetzel's girlfriends from Bexley High School. Joe was up to his old tricks. Then Andy had decided to move to a Lane Ave attic apartment. She had been pushing me for a Divorce from Vicky who was only too happy to grant one. One day we were to appear in court and lust overtook us. We decided to have sex one last time in Andrea's new Lane Ave. apartment for old time sake. I felt very guilty as hell about it afterwards. I never told Andrea and she never found out. At 19 it was not one of my finer moments but it was to be the last time I would cheat on a girlfriend. Vicky was into it but I was afraid Andy would come home and bust us. It turned out to be a quickie which wasn't much fun for either of us. Soon I got word that Mike Irskins had left Vicky for her best friend Gala Wisenheimer. WTF? I am not sure if I triggered their breakup but it was clear to me that Vicky still had some feelings for me. But that was never going to happen. I just couldn't see myself spending the rest of my life with her. I had come from the land of rock n roll and blues. These were the only thing I knew. I had grown up with them. All I really wanted to do was play music. So I put up guitarist ads in the String Shop, Ziggy Coyle's Music and Whitey Lunzar Music in hope of some inquiries. The weeks rolled on. Nothing happened.

On July 13th 1972 Andrea and I went to see the **Rolling Stones** perform **Exile on Main Street** at the Akron Rubber Bowl. We had a good supply from **JB** of Quaaludes and weed for the trip. During the ride Andy informed me that she was moving out to the airport area within a few weeks. When we had arrived somebody had set off a bomb in the stadium but luckily no one was hurt. I guess it took out some closed circuit TV cameras but the show went on as planned with **Alice Cooper**, **Stevie Wonder** and **The Rolling Stones** headlining. We were able to get up close to the stage but then the Quaaludes kicked in and we kept drifting in and out of consciousness. People were passing hash around like candy. **Chip Monk** was handling the Lights and Stage, while **Baker Bigsby** ran the sound board I think. I remember a helicopter dropping thousands of female underwear from 500 feet above the stadium and a constant barrage of fireworks exploding over the stage. Finally, the show ended with the Stones backing Stevie Wonder on **"Up Tight"**. By that time me and Andrea had passed out again. When we woke up the crowd was almost gone. That's when we discovered we lost the car keys somewhere around the 50 yard line. So we started to search the ground where we had put our blanket. I found a bag of weed and then our car keys laying right next to it. We were so happy that we did another Quaalude for the drive home. Bad idea. Security was urging all us slow pokes to go to our cars. We left and when we reached the car we had sex in the back seat. *Yummy Yummy Yummy I got Love In My Tummy!* The drive back was a motherfucker. I don't know how we didn't get killed. I almost ran off the road a few times. Luckily there was no traffic or cops either way on the trip back to Columbus. We were very lucky.



When we got settled into our new apartment we met our new black neighbors next door. Once they found out that the cracker kids could get Quaaludes we became very good friends. I think, at the time there were 3 blacks living next door. Back then there was still a lot of social tension between the black and white communities in Columbus Ohio.

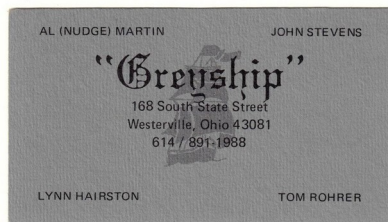
They turned us on to the **"Maggot Brain"** song by **Funkadelic**. "Woe!" What the fuck is this I thought? them. This was my few days I was much-praised music for me and our Quaaludes in bed listening to **Yes**, **David Bowie** and **Free**. At that point I was still doing my printing job in downtown Columbus. At work I was using Kodak's "Itek" system. It was basically plastic printing plates that had a silver photographic coating. Within the Itek unit you had a sealed self contained dark room setup with a roll of film and three tanks. The three tank were filled with activator, fixer and wash solutions. Also for high quality printing jobs I would use metal lithographic plates. I was exposed to about 20 different chemical systems. After about two years exposure I started to developed pimply burning rashes on my arms.



By that time I had mastered the A.B.Dick 360 and Multilith 1250 printing presses. But on weekends it was party time. Andy was happy but I was still not in a band. The chemicals were taking a toll. I knew I had to give myself a break from the chemicals. Then out of the blue **John Stevens** called and wanted to set up an addition. He was working at WBNS- 10 TV on its locally produced show called **"Flippo the Clown"** (A.K.A Marvin W. Fishman/Bob Marvin). **Ernie Felice** (Cat Lad) from my **Elderberries** days had just quit **Grey Ship**. I

never really knew why. Years later I think Cat Lad told me they did some bad business with him. But I think it might have been about control over the group. My understanding was it was Cat Lad who started Greyship. Anyway, John asked me to come out to the Greyship house for a jam.

Ernie Felice had only formed the band about a year earlier. Under his guidance they were able to break into WCOL's audience scene. Greyship had only been together for a year or so and had made a name for themselves under the leadership of the Summit Enterprises Booking Agency. They had a pretty good following so I was excited at the prospect. GreyShip worked out of a 3 story, 5 bedroom and 2 baths semi-mansion at the conner of Walnut and State streets right in the middle of downtown Westerville Ohio. The house was huge. It had a huge fireplace with a 3 tier mantel. I use to put my spent state liquor bottles on the mantle as trophies. For about two months I lived with Andy on the eastside out by the airport. After work I would drive out to the GreyShip house 5 or 6 nights a week for rehearsals. Slowly I started to spend the weekend with John, Lynn and Tom. Their was always a group of Westerville High School students hanging out on weekends. The girls would show up with drugs, food and booze and most of the time they ended up fucking someone in the band. Andy would let me borrow her car for the weekend so as to avoid the drive late at night back to the Airport. She worried about me.



The job I held as a printer lasted until I moved into the Grey Ship House in early October of 1972. After two weeks of rehearsals I had sold the band on make-up and glitter glam movement coming out of England. Up to that point the band had been more into funk. Shortly after that, on Oct 13th 1972 Vicky had the cops come and take me to "jail" on a bogus charge of child support. Once she found out that until the band started gigging there would be "no more cash payments under the table" her mom's friend in the domestic court pulled some strings and had me locked up. To get out of jail I was forced to sign a "Recommendation of the Court Referral Officer". Which meant that all my cash payments and house furniture I had bought would not count as child support. I didn't know my rights and should have hired a lawyer. At that point Vicky wanted me to go through the courts. Fair enough. In fact I believed her when she told me I didn't need a lawyer and didn't have to show up for the court hearing.

My first gig with Greyship was at the Rhoads Center on a TV 10 show. Most of the kids were Jr. High students. We had perfected our stage show consisting of stage skits; flash paper, glitter glam makeup, with Green, Yellow, Blue and Red Feathers Boas, Satin and Silk outfits, plus 3 inch custom platform shoes. I had a few pairs but there was a special glitter pair I had made for PR sessions. Once in awhile I would light a firecracker to start off a song. Most of my outfits came from Italy. There was this group of girls name Val, Jane and Georgetti who did the band's make-up. They always traveled with the roadies. At the time I don't think anybody in Columbus was doing our kind of show. We had glam songs like "Gene Genie" or pop rockers like "All Right Now" to work the crowd with. Suddenly, our booking agent had us booked at showcases on August 9th & 12th. Then at Mr Brown's. Coshoccon followed on November 15th & 16th. Next came The OSU Student Union in Sept, *(At that gig I blew up my sound city amp)* OSU Lincoln Tower in October, followed by OSU Morrill Tower and Drake Event Center shows. In October we play the Mustang Club in Dover Ohio. On Dec 7th.



Greyship was playing some club in Akron but I don't remember its name. On the 19th we hit the stage near Dayton. Finally, we play Otterbein University and Ohio Wesleyan University auditoriums in late December of 1972.

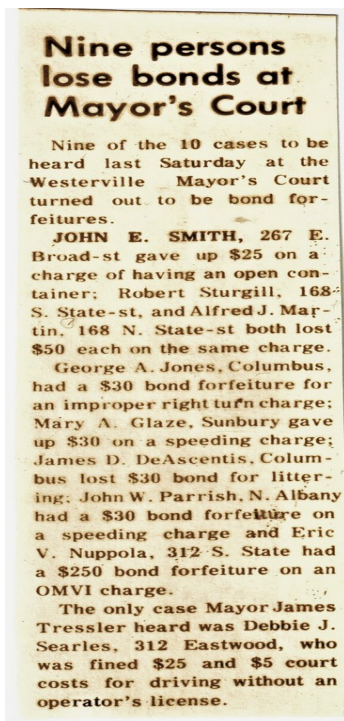


By the end of December 1972 Andy had come to realize that I was headed in a different direction. She was very hurt that my music was more important than our relationship. The truth was I had unconsciously use her to get my band going. One day she and Sonja showed up at the house to pick up her ride which was all muddy due to the many cars parked in the backyard. At times we had up to 10 to 15 cars parked out there. Cars would get stuck in the snow then all of us would have to push the visitor's car out of the mud. The girls who hung out at the house where not very friendly towards Andy. We had about 15 shows lined up over the 1st quarter of the 1973 season. By this time I was moving at light speed and there just wasn't any time to spend with her. After Andy and I broke up John, Lynn and I started to compete to see who could fuck the hottest groupies chicks. Most of them came from very wealthy families. Most of the time I came in last. John usually won but Lynn would give him a

good game. For some reason the city of Westerville tolerated us fucking their High School daughters. Back then they only had one part time cop. I think the whole government was a part time gig also. At the time Westerville was more of a small village farm community and Lynn and John were the only blacks in town. It got so bad with the groupies that we had our roadies or people we trusted to "gate keep" the porch back door, so as to drive away people we didn't know or want hanging out with us. Most of the time John decided who could hang. You had to be 18. But a lot of the girls lied about it. God did they lie. I was so horny I bought into all the lies. Throw a dog a bone and he'll chew on it I guess. I was a low down corndog for sure people. It is a wonder we didn't get ran out of town on a rail. But those girls were smart. They didn't say shit to nobody.



John kept his TV gig going all through 1973. I use to get a kick out of smoking hash and watching John on TV playing pool with Flippo. John had a few lines used to end the weekday show. Flippo would rap about this or that going on in the studio and John would interject, "*Yea, but the Jive Is Live*" or "*The Clown gets Down!*" and then the credits rolled. My understanding is that Flippo helped John open doors. He was a jazzbo sax player underneath all the clown makeup and hung out at the jazz clubs jamming with a lot of the local dudes. John and Lynn must have had family who had worked the chitlin circuit down south. They were very savvy about stagecraft and crowd gimmicks. When I was living in Nashville I knew a lot of poor blacks who were friends with Jimi Hendrix before he went to England. Many of them had worked the chitlin circuit and had confirmed my belief John & Lynn's use of the "chitlin gimmicks". From the very beginning they insisted on a flashy stage show and I learned a lot. Years later I rejected all of the stagecraft bullshit in favor of keeping it real. But I had just turned 20 and didn't know a thing about songwritingg or recording.



days Joe & I would do drink whiskey, smoke Not a very healthy the band wasn't visit friends on introduced Dee and married right out of Jane and Georgetti ran together socially. Those girls stirred up a lot of commotion. Rowdy girls! They were always buying codeine cough syrup. Hell, they even talked me and Joe into it a few times. I was making good wampum at the time off the band so I had bought a White VW beetle bug. This allowed me to schedule play dates for Tracey who was living near north high school with her grandmother. Now that I was paying through the court the grandmother had allowed me to stop by from time to time.



In January of 1973 Joe and Jane Shortlidge moved to Westerville and we reconnected. During the off White Crosses (Dexedrine), weed and listen to records. thing to do. At night when practicing, Joe and I would campus or hit the bars. Joe Freddy who had gotten high school. For a while Dee,

There was this one time where JB and me turned Freddy on to LSD. Up to that point Freddy only drank. I'm not sure if Freddy and Dee were both cheating on each other at the time. I really didn't know them that well. Then one day Joe and Freddy came to my mom's place while she was at work. JB wanted to turn Freddy on to acid so all three of us dropped a hit of orange sunshine. We were having a blast for a while. But next thing I know Freddy jumps into my car wearing only his fruit of the loom underwear. He then locked the doors. Joe and I tried to talk sense but Freddy peels out of the driveway in my white VW. WTF? Joe and I were freaked out by this behavior. We tried to catch him but he was headed for Columbus City Hall to get a divorce, or some such other nonsense. After about two hours walking the streets we see him coming down Park Ave near Goodale Park. So we jump in the middle of the street and lucky for us, he was coming down a bit from the Acid. He stopped. We got in the car and got old Freddy "the acid head" dress then drop his ass off at his Westerville apartment. It was a miracle he didn't get busted. *"High On Cocaine, Riding that train. Casey Jones you better watch your speed!"* The transcendental joy of psychedelia had faded for JB and me.

Also, during this time John took me to some all black clubs and introduced me to **The Ohio Players** and **Crowd Pleasers**. I had no idea who they were. Both bands were totally funk and had a huge black following. At these all "black only shows" I was a bit uncomfortable for being the only flashy honky in the crowd. Both bands, I think, were being booked by Summit Enterprises. In the end Summit put their resources behind The Ohio Players who got a record released. The fact was Greyship didn't have any songs to sell. Greyship definitely had a problem in that area. I had just written *"Getting Out Of Hand"* and *"FREE"* which Greyship did live a few times, but it was very weakly received. The songs were dropped. Later on I recorded these songs with southend band called **ZAP**.

Once we did a private show at this "Blacks Only" club on east main street. We were paid an outrageous sum of money and after the show the owners turn us on to some cocaine; and things ended up in bed for most of us. At this point I was 6 months away from my 21st birthday and was living the dream. February of 1973 saw us doing more small shows in



northern Ohio. The audience would get shit faced and most girls were into finding a relationship. For the guys, it was easy pickings or so they thought. All I can say is, "if you want to know the daughter then study the mother". A lot of times they would go to their cars in the parking lot to fuck. In between sets I would go out the side door to smoke a joint and I get an eyeful. By this time I had bought a double stack 200 watt Sound City rig from Ed Whitney at Whitey Lunzar Music. Also, I was using a wah-wah pedal and Small Stone phaze shifter along with my two Standells amps and my LPB-1. The Sound City had 8-10 inch speakers. The Standells had 2-15 inch JBL's.

John was using two 500 watt Ampeg SVTs. About this time Lynn had decided to take lessons on organ. He spent most of days in his room studying, always with some girl by his side. Tom Rohrer's dad was a chemist. It was Tom who signed the lease on the house, did our books and took out loans on the PA and vehicle fleet. Only Tom and John still had day jobs by this time. Tom was a full time stone mason and John was still doing the Flippo gig.

On Sundays if there wasn't any gigs we would cook breakfast for about 12 people. There was this massive table in the kitchen that could easily accommodate 12. Most times John and Lynn would cook up the eggs, toast, bacon and coffee for the meetings. Other times I remember Jane and Val would cook the meal. I remember the girls doing the house work for us. I don't think we paid them for it. At band meetings our business and cash flows would get decided by majority vote. If the money was good we would blow off some shitty offers. If not, we would book the gig. Tom handled all the booking and cash transactions through Summit Enterprises. Our account was with his bank. Only one time did a promoter try to cheat us. We skooked the union and booking agent on the promoter and they shut it down and we were paid. Also, I don't think Tom ever did any taxes and most likely ran our business affairs under the radar of the IRS. Silly me, I had no idea who the fuck the IRS was at the time.

It was Tom's dad who turned me on to Irish coffee. One shot Seagram 7, one shot Kesslers, a teaspoon of creme de mint, whip cream, milk and cinnamon. Boom, that was it! Move over superman!

One night in late february this 18 year old Redhead from Bexley slips into my room with quaaludes and fucks my brains out. I could barely walk the next day. I didn't know it at the time but she was Wolfman's side squeeze. Wolf had been having an affair behind his wife's' back with Red. When he found out about old squidly getting into his cookie jar he went postal on my ass. 1st he tried to get me kick out of the band but the band voted him down. After he lost the vote he went into a rage and trashed my brand sound city new amp. So, Tom took the repairs out of Wolf's pay. Wolfman would stab you in the back in a heartbeat if you pissed him off. I was not really close to Wolfman. All the time I was in the band I kept my distance from him. But, he did help Paul Johnson my brother-in-law become one of our roadies. Paul was still in high school but Wolf was able to get permission from his folks to become a full time Greyship roadie. But he was only able to work on weekends until he turned 18. Wolf was married to Paul's older sister. If Wolf didn't like you he would try to destroy your gear. **Bruce Roberts** (The Professors) quit the band for this very same reason. Wolf trashed a high value Les Paul of Bruce's. I didn't know about it until the 40 years later. Wolf may have had rage issues I don't know. I do know he was John right hand man until John started a side hustle. Not sure why John would want to do that? John had a black intercity church girl named Sharon who he adored and never ever let her around Greyship. He often spoke about marrying her. On the other hand John was rolling in the babes, cash and celebrity. John was a babe magnet for sure. When ever he hit Mr. Brown's he came home with a woman on his arm.



That March a family invited the whole band over for an upscale dinner. I think John had help their daughter in medical treatment meet Flippo, and, as a way of saying “thank you” had us over for dinner. I’ve never been comfortable around upscale folk. But I behaved myself and everyone had a good time. That April of 1973 we started working up a 6 day show for **Mr. Brown’s**. We had been booked from the 16th through the 21st. Six straight nights of sparkles, stain and camp. Greyship! two honkeys, two homies; the band decked out to the max in lipstick and platform shoes. Start it off with a firecracker, ended it with Nudge dancing on Mr. Brown’s bar and stoking the devil out of all the drunk humans on to the floor. One night from the stage, we watched my 15 year baby sister slip on some dude’s puke. It was all over from head to toe. So, she hid out in the girls room for two hours and had wait until the last set. Poor sis. The place was packed. I couldn’t get off stage until people started to thin out. She was very embarrassed. Then Lynn the lead singer lent my sister his raincoat and had a roadie take sissy home. I think the dude must have been on Quaaludes.

If mom would have seen her I’d be fucking dead. Mom had strictly forbid sissy from going to Mr. Brown’s. But sis was quick. My sister told me when the doormen wasn’t looking, her and my future wife sneaked in under the radar. This was just about the same time the **New York Dolls** were styling and profiling too at Max’s Kansas City. Each night saw 4 different sets; with outfits and stage shows to match. We parked all three vehicles beside the club and used them as a green rooms between sets. The school bus was stocked to the gills with

vodka & whiskey. A lot of “fucking” happened in those vehicles between sets. It was just the way it was back then. Mr Browns could only hold about a 100-125 people but each night we had about 300 in club, and a line which stretch from the front door all the way down to the Krogers at King Ave. It was so bad the bouncers had to push people away just to open the stage. Nor could you get to the bar. Pack “bumper to bumper, cheek to cheek”. There were just too many people packed in there. Tom who owned the bar loved that bullshit. He had 5 sexy barmaids and he love the coke. He was making fist full of money. And upstairs, I think, when the bar closed, Tom held court on the roof. Sometimes he had Greyship go over to his house to do a line of coke with some girls. There was a lot of fucking go on at Tom’s place too!

About our 3rd night a barmaid told me she wanted to hook up with me. She was 27 and I was 20 and man she taught me things. WOW! She was married to some pakistani who was trying to become an engineer. And so the barmaid was working at nights to put him through OSU. I don’t think she was very happy about it. The girl liked to light candles and incense then bubble me out of my mind in the bathtub. She knew how to please and demanded the same in return. So she taught me how to please her too. OMG! So the last three nights of band’s engagement she would go home at 5 AM before hubby woke. She told him she got some extra hours in helping to clean up the bar and restock the booze. He bought it hook line and sinker. After that week I hook up with Val. We had an off and on for a while. She was sweet and fun. However we kept our options open. In 1973 sport fucking was the rage. This was back before AIDS. That sort of thing was common during the late 1960s and early 1970s.

When May of 1973 rolled around we were booked at Westerville North High School Auditorium. It was newly build Auditorium with a state of the art light and sound system. It held about a 500 seats. After the show Georgetti and I started to sleep together for a few months until she went back to her old boyfriend Jeff. She love to go out to Hoover Dam and have Quaalude sex in a sleeping bag at night with me. I remember laying in a sleeping bag with her and being blanketed by the fog. When you looked up you would see the stars. Also, she love to have “Quaaludes showers or Baths” when her folks were at work. However, LeeAnn Cockerella whose family had a restaurant downtown started coming into my bedroom at night when Georgetti wasn’t around. LeeAnn was 18 year old and had did some modeling I think. She was headed to OSU in the fall. It got political with these girls sometimes. There was a lot of turf guarding going on. On the other hand, Elaine was Tom’s steady girlfriend and he never messed around. In fact I think they may have gotten married after he left the band. Also, I had a fling with a high school girl from Tom’s home up in Coshocton Ohio. I can’t remember her name! She always showed up at our Dover or Coshocton area gigs. Sometimes, if we didn’t have a gig going on she would drive down to Greyship’s and spend friday night in bed with me. Otherwise, she fuck me between sets in the school bus when we were on the road. I think her family had a horse farm. I am not sure. Then there was this girl who boyfriend was called “Norman”. They were going to get married and I think she used me for one last fling of freedom. I use to sneak into her bedroom window after her folks went to bed. Then early in the mornings old Squidly had to skedaddle. She always kept the door locked so mom and dad could not enter. That lasted about 3 months off and on. When she broke off her engagement with “Norman” I got scared. She was talking about a future together. All I wanted was a bit of fun. I already had a few lose commitments and shit was getting too deep emotionally with some of these girls.

The end of May 1973 John had met the glitter glam guy from Cleveland and Greyship took him on as a roadie. We called him "Slick" because he always was "glam dressing". It was like having **David Bowie** running around in your house. He talked us into buying a Heil board to replace our Sure mixer. We use to run the Shure 8 Channel Mixer into the Crown power Amps. **Bob Heil** was an American sound and radio engineer. He was well known for creating the template for modern rock sound systems. He founded the company **Heil Sound** in 1966, which went on to create unique touring sound systems for bands such as **The Grateful Dead** and **The Who**. Our other roadies didn't like Slick very much. I think Wolf wanted to stab him. Slick claimed to have spent time in London and New York. The guy had a ton of bullshit. Anyway, John found out after Slick mysteriously skipped town that he had borrowed money from some of the Greyship fans at Westerville North. The girls thought they were loaning the band money for the Heil Board. When the parents confronted John the band cut checks and paid them all back. This disrupted everyone cash flow for a while and we took some shitty gigs to get back on our feet. Vicky was not happy that I was going to miss some child support payments. She was luke warm toward the band and preferred that I to go back to printing. In fact, I did go back to Meredith-King printing downtown for a few weeks because their full time guy suddenly quit. As luck would have it I called them the same day he quit. They needed time to find someone else. So I work maybe 2 weeks straight until things got back on their feet.

Enter The "Howard Brothers". They ran sound for some of the Community events at OSU. I think It may have been a political gig for them because neither of them had a clue about running a large sound system. I watch in horror, that spring of 1973, as band after band got butchered by them at the Oval showcase of Bands. But it really didn't compute until they were scheduled to do our sound at the 2nd Community Festival in June of 1973. The stage was near the Christian Center on 16th ave. Lucky for us that our roadies were micro-managing them for that show. Otherwise they would have butchered us too. We would have come across like a bunch of wankers in front of about 2,500 people. Most of our crowd from Mr. Brown's were there. After the show I had a long talk with the Howard Brothers and they were into the radical mixing of bands. No vocal, sometimes no bass or drums! Never any monitors! They must have been art students on LSD or something. They sure as hell were not professional sound people. We had just been booked for the **Ted Nugent** show at OSU for late June and we made sure our roadies did the PA sound for all the bands at that show. The Howard Brothers helped out but were not running the sound. Mostly they MC the show and ran around backstage smoking dope with the girls.

Sometime in June 1973 we played the Grove City High School Gym. On that gig my mother showed up and I was so embarrassed. There I was looking like some prostitute in tart and glitter makeup. Somehow she found out about the gig. Mom met the band after the show and to my amazement she was proud of me. John and Lynn helped by sweet talking her up about me. One of the tricks we use to use to kick off the song was for John or Lynn to light up a cigarette; and I would go over and light up a wad of hidden flash paper in the palm of my hand. I had a glitter glove with the fingers cut off that I used for the trick. That was long before Michael Jackson adopted the glitter glove gimmick. After that, we were booked back at Mr. Brown's from the 11th through the 17th of June 1973. It would be another 6 day ordeal. But instead of creating new shows we just went with the old 6 day show cycle. Once again we approach the engagement like our previous one. With vehicles parked next to the

bar used as our Green Rooms; and the crowd stretching all the way down to Krogers, that week was wild for me. Every where was craziness. The coke, uppers and downers, plus impossible amount of weed and hash. It felt just like **2nd Atlanta Pop Festival in Byron Georgia**. It all began to overcome the band. Somehow, I survived the chaos and after show parties by the grace of god.

As fate would have it, one night I met this Westerville North High School grad name Carol Billingsley whose family raised horses. I think she looked a lot like Cher except she had brown hair and blue eyes. We flirted all week but I thought she was way out of my league. Or so I thought. I left the issue unresolved after the 6 nighter engagement. Then one night John had picked her up at the Mr Brown's and knocked on my door. He had two girls behind him. "Nudge, someone has a gift for you" he said laughing. Next thing I know Carol entered the bedroom and gave me a Quaalude then fired up some hash. Then she strip naked and jump into my bed and we got down to some serious business. As the night wore on the Quaalude kicked in we drifted together in and out of our foggy consciousness. When I awoke it was afternoon and I was sore. She had vanished. Suddenly I realized that It hurt to walk. Woe! Somehow I survived the encounter but I was never to see Carol again. Later on I heard she went to collage out of state.

Shortly after my Carol episode, towards the end of June 1973 came the all day rock concert sponsored by the OSU student body council. There were 7 bands on the bill with **Ted Nudgent** headlining. It was held right out on the field in front of Lincoln and Morrill towers facing the horseshoe. Behind the stage was parking compound. It was the biggest gig Greyship played to yet. Over 5000 Hippies dancing out on a warm Ohio night. As always the Greyship bus was were most of the action was. Then out of nowhere I saw this shy girl. Somehow I was able to talked her into some alone time with me. So we left the others. As we strolled around vehicle compound until we came upon a big ass van. The door was open. There was nobody onboard. I peeked inside and we started to mess around and decided to enter the van. How the fuck did I know it was Ted Nudgent's van. We thought everybody was watching the show. There was a stall that we were messing around in smoking weed and in comes Mr. Nudgent. He starts yelling "out". If he would of had a knife he would of cut me for sure. I've seen that alley look before in a fist fight grown up. So we left.

Nudgent had a converted a tour bus like us but it was much more upscale. I knew from Stik Hoffman that **MC5** was a much better band than Nudgent. **MC5** and **Iggy and the Stooges** blew all the bands away at that time. Both those bands knew how to sell budweiser. The rest of the night I avoided him. After all it was his Van and I didn't ask about using his "shite" to score sex. There was a lot places I've had sex at and didn't get permission. To be honest I never really thought to ask. Finally, with **Ted Nugent** headlining we open 3rd to last. The band after us blew us away because they were doing **Jimi Hendrix** covers. Greyship were more about drink and dance, not "ear music". There was no way we could compete. So, Greyship as always, laid our down home chitlin circuit backbeat and left them 5000 hippies yelling for more. It was the same set as the Com-Fest a few weeks prior. You know, bands are like baseball teams. It get competitive. We went on about 7:00 PM. That meant no stage lighting for the Greyship. But if you got a good act you really don't need props. Actually you don't need gimmicks either but I didn't understand that at the time. What you really need is good songs. When **Ted Nugent** hit the stage around 10 PM he was not in total control of his rig. Things were going haywire for him. To me he was coasting on the hype. I never liked

his music anyway. Besides, our guys were controlling his sound. The cunt never figure it out! At the time I knew plenty of guitarists like Bruce Roberts who ate him up alive on guitar!

A few days later John and I were invited by **Beck, Bogert & Appice** to their gig at Vets. The gig was in support Beck's version of the song "Superstition" which was written by **Stevie Wonder**. We had seats next to the stage steps. While the open act played, John, me, Bogert & Appice sat there smoking weed and chatting about the music business. Just before they were to go on Bogert invited us to the Holiday Inn downtown to party after the show. Unfortunately for us, they didn't have a great show that night and the band refused to come out of their hotel rooms and party afterwards. I was disappointed. I thought for sure I was going to meet Jeff Beck. Bad shows can knock the wind out of your sails and this appeared to be the case. **Jeff Beck** of the **Yardbirds** was one of my favorite heroes. We were going to invite them to our place but it wasn't in the cards. I think **Peter Grant** was managing them at the time.



When August of 1973 rolled around Greyship took on a 2nd guitarist name **Bob Sturgill** who came from Whitehall-Yearling High School. He had been in **Blackwatch** with **Mike Patterson** (Drums) who was from North High School I think. Also, he played with **The Madlads**. But it was with **Clear Flame** that he open for **The Chamber Brothers** at a WCOL dance held at the Beef and Cattle building on the Ohio State Fair grounds. **The Chamber Brothers** had a hit with "**Time Has Come Today**". They were milking it for all its worth.

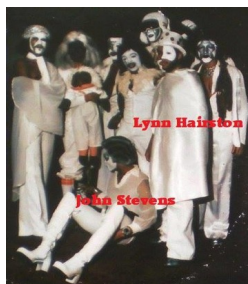
Sturgill had a powerful **Robert Plant** like voice and was light years ahead of us as a songwriter. I think Summit enterprises may have been behind this move in order to position us for a record contract. But I really can't remember. As I recall we didn't have any good originals and Bob had tons of them.

I had work with Sturgill before and he was a good fit for the band. So we busted our asses for about two weeks then did to three shows with Bob I think. On the first show Bob drank a little to much and John, Lynn and Tom cautioned him not to drink so much at the shows. However, at that time I was almost out of control with my drinking. But somehow I was always able to my job well so the band put up with my dexedrine and whiskey usage. On the way to our 3rd gig our roadies were fucking around stoned and ran over a stop sign. When I got there around 3:30 PM I found out from the bar owner. He told me that the sheriff had impounded our equipment. Phone calls were made. We were under contact and had to get things resolved quickly. I think Tom hired a lawyer and paid the bond for Wolf, Trey and Paul. Then with court dates set, the sheriff released them all from jail. Lucky for us money talks and we were able to start the show in the nick of time. Back then union contracts always stated the start, stop and breaks at certain times. If you broke a contact without just cause the union could not help you. When Paul's dad got wind of it he made Paul quit Greyship. He was out of the band but, later on went on to marry my cousin.

Bob like to change things up on stage and that always sent John, Lynn and Tom into a tailspin. Everything was carefully plan down to the smallest details and unplanned Ad-libs and change ups piss them off greatly. It was at that 3rd gig near Akron Ohio, I think, that Bob went overboard with his agenda on stage. So, the order was given to the roadies to quickly load up the gear and just abandon Bob who was socializing at the bar. I didn't stick around to socialized after the show and drove my VW bug straight back to Westerville. The

crowd had fun, the bar owner was pleased but John, Lynn and Tom were clearly pissed off at Bob. Later on I found out that John, Lynn and Tom had kicked Bob out of the band on the drive home. It was a shitty thing to do but I was powerless to stop it nor was I aware of what they doing. I was also on shaky ground because of my friendship and support of Bob. So, old Bob had to hitchhike back to Westerville in the snow and break a window to get in the house. I'm not not sure if they locked him out on purpose or not. When Bob got in through the window he was so upset he took my VW beetle out for breastfest without my knowledge. Unfortunately he lost control in the snow and totaled the car. Mom and I spent 2 years paying off that dam loan. I remember Jan, Bob's girlfriend at the time asking me where Bob was. I told her he moved out.

That November of 1973 saw us hire **Bruce Roberts** for lead guitar. *(Bruce Roberts played with Barry Hayden in The Professors. Barry also was in the Dantas and had a hit with Can't Get Enough Of your Love).* Bruce and Dave Roberts, Jeff Whitlock, Tommy Williams, and Rick Collura had been my guitar heroes back at North High. They were all amazing players. So once again we crammed for the next gig. Bruce was a motherfucker. He taught me so much about lead. However, Wolf did not like Bruce and sabotaged his guitar by leaving it in the freezing truck which warped the neck the neck I think. During the dust up John, as always sided with Wolf so Bruce quit. At that point Tom Rohrer got fed up with all the band bullshit and called it quits. As far as I am concerned he was the backbone of Greyship. He would finish out the December gig commitments but John and Lynn had to buy him out. Also, the lease was was up and John and Lynn were not successful in putting it in their names. So John and Lynn ended up owning the PA and Fleet. They had to find a new band house.



The 19th of December of 1973 was our last show. Around New Years I was told that they were moving to the new Greyship house at the conner of 11th and North Fourth Street in Columbus. Then for some unknown reason they kick me out of the band and refused to pay me the quarter interest I had in the vehicles and PA system. All four of us made the loan payments which was taken off the top of our share of the gigs. I don't know why they refused to part on good terms. Maybe it was the drugs? Maybe the cash flow left them with no choice? Maybe they acted out of frustration? But to add insult to injury they raided my room when I was out of town and took my fender and univox amps, plus my records and stage outfits. When I ask for my stuff back they got nasty with me.

So I just cut bait and moved on with my music. No point in fighting and being resentful. I ended up moving back in with mom. Later on they rehired Bob Sturgill and some other guitarist in the southend band called **Zap**. They try to revive the Greyship formula but that only lasted about a few months, I think. However, later on, they began to call themselves **Greyship Davis**. That is when John and Lynn went totally funk. But they still kept the makeup gimmick. In 1983, around the same time I released my 1st 45, they released their first record, **"This Groove Is On The Loose"** and **"Cheek To Cheek Bumper to Bumper"**. When I heard that both of them were dead in 2018 I felt sad that we ended on such a bad vibe. I had totally forgot all about them. We had a lot of good times together. They taught me a lot about stagecraft. But now it was time to move on. Something was telling me that I needed to learn about the recording process. It would take two more years

before Teac came out with the 3340s reel to reel quarter inch tape deck. You could do over-dub with that unit then master to cassette. I think that is when the Do-It-Yourself cassette movement started. So, with the little money I had left I went back to into printing. I wasn't sure at that point if I wanted to move to Nashville or London England. Mom lobby against both. I even went and got my passport. But fate has a funny way of overthrowing your plans. It was now time to pay for all the excess I had enjoy with the Greyship.